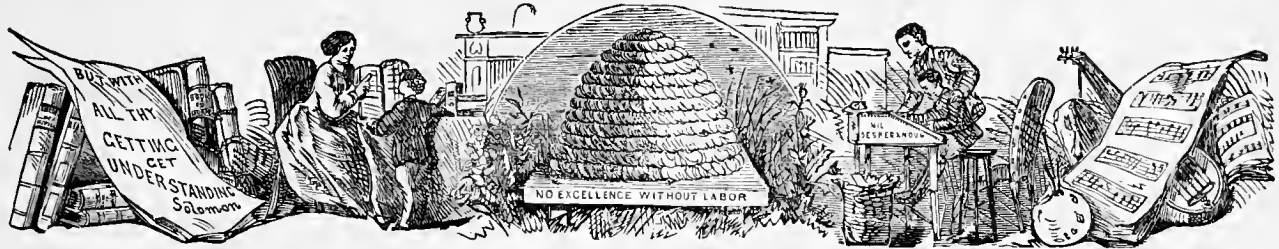


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

NO. 5.

FESTIVAL OF THE IDOL TENGOU IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese mariner knows no festival so attractive as that of which the sea is the theatre. When the sea-side inhabitants of Sinagawa, at Yeddo, celebrate the anniversary of their favorite deity, Tengou, they believe that they best show their affection for the idol by transporting it into the sea. While the veterans of the priesthood and their servants attend to the annual purification of the temple and its furniture, the most vigorous of the priests take upon their shoulders the frame on which the shrine or Mikosi rests. When they have reached the shore, they lay aside their sacerdotal vestments, and in good order plunge through the waves. In the meantime the crowds of fishermen who follow them with tumultuous shouts, encircle the cortege; seize with their strong arms the sacred abode of the god; raise it above the lacquered caps of the priests; and, in spite of the efforts, real or pretended, of its official guardians, who struggle against the crowd in the midst of the foaming waves, the tottering but still upright shrine in the hands of the people accomplishes its maritime pilgrimage.

This ceremony takes place on the sixth day of the sixth month, which is about the end of our July. It lasts, with its different rites, to the eighth day, when, to conclude, the priests distribute to their flocks branches of trees, laden with fruit as

the people like it—that is to say, scarcely arrived at maturity.

The faces in the engraving are anything but pleasing. In fact, they look repulsive. The Japanese who visited our city about two years since were not ill-favored; but then they were of the superior classes in Japan. These in our engraving are principally the lower classes, and those who have visited old, aristocratic nations know how very wide is the difference among them between the upper and lower classes of society. They frequently appear to the traveler like two distinct races.



When the knowledge of the true God dies out in the midst of a people, they are in a dreadful condition. They have no guide, and they stray into very dark paths. Some worship the sun, others fire, others animals, others idols made out of wood or stone, others their ancestors. The people of Christendom, having the Bible to read, which gives

them an account of God and His Son Jesus Christ, have had great advantages over the nations which have not had this knowledge; but we can see, even among them, how far man can stray from God when he has no divine revelation to guide him. They are split up into hundreds of sects, and each one contends it is right.

THEY are not our best friends, who praise us to our faces.

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

THE CITY OF PANAMA.

PANAMA, on the Pacific side of the isthmus, and Porto Bello, on the Atlantic side, were at one time very important places in America. They formed the only channel of communication by which the wealth of Peru was conveyed to Spain. But when the wealth of Peru became so much lessened, and the greater part of the products of that country was carried around Cape Horn, the importance of both these places was very much changed. Although Panama was still maintained a fortified place, and had some little trade, it was fast sinking into decay and had lost all importance as a commercial city, when the gold discoveries of California and its fortunate situation on the line of a quick and easy route to the gold fields once more brought it into prominence, and made its name again familiar to the world. To that hardy discoverer, Balboa, though indirectly, we may assign the credit of founding the city, through his great perseverance, courage and patience, exhibited when forcing his way through the almost impenetrable forests of Darien, resulting in the discovery of the great western ocean.

The richness of the pearls found near the islands of the magnificent bay of Panama, and the reports of the fabulous wealth of the countries lying north and south of it, when Balboa returned, created a fever of excitement and enterprise that could not be controlled; and an expedition for colonization and conquest was immediately formed. Balboa was to lead this enterprise; but, through the envy and jealousy of Pedrarias Davila, the governor, he was slandered, insulted, imprisoned and executed. Not satisfied with being rid of the man whose power he dreaded, Pedrarias wished to reap the benefits of his enterprise and discoveries. After representing to the government in Spain the unhealthiness of the climate about Santa Maria, he asked permission to remove the location of the colony to the western side of the isthmus. Permission was granted him, and a settlement was begun at Panama, in the year 1518. The location is $9^{\circ} 0' 30''$ north latitude, $79^{\circ} 19'$ west longitude. Tello de Guzman gave it a name. The word panama signifies a place abounding with fish. Charles V. raised it to the name and privileges of a city in the year 1521.

On the 18th of January, 1671, Morgan, an Englishman, at the head of twelve hundred buccaneers, commenced his inland journey to Panama. Their progress, by land and water alternately, was attended with great inconvenience. Starting with a very small supply of provisions, famine was added to their other hardships. It has been said they were so hard pushed for food that they resolved to roast or boil a few of their enemy to satisfy their ravenous appetites. Leather boots, belts and bags found at a deserted Spanish station, formed a delicious meal for them. The mode of preparing this deserves notice. The leather was first sliced, then alternately dipped in water and beaten between two stones, to make it tender; it was then broiled, cut into small bits, deliberately chewed and washed down with frequent draughts of water. After undergoing hardships with powers of endurance almost superhuman, on the ninth evening of their march they beheld, at a distance, the city of Panama, and at the same time possessed themselves of a herd of cattle, horses and asses, that were feeding in a valley

near by. They rushed to the feast, cutting up the animals and devouring the flesh raw, more resembling cannibals than Europeans. The next morning, with drums and trumpets sounding, they advanced on the city. The Spaniards opposed to them consisted of two hundred cavalry and four regiments of infantry (over three thousand men,) assisted by a number of Indian allies, and a novel engine of war, a large herd of wild bulls, to be driven among the ranks of the buccaneers. Morgan divided his force into three divisions, and, getting between the Spanish horse and foot soldiers, succeeded in separating them; and the wild bulls, taking fright from the tumult and the noise of the guns, ran away or were shot before they could do any mischief. After a contest of two hours, the Spanish army gave way. Many were killed; the rest fled, throwing away their muskets, and seeking safety in the adjoining thickets. The pirates did not follow in pursuit, but took a savage pleasure in shooting without mercy all who fell into their hands. The town was captured the next day, after a desperate conflict of three hours maintained in the streets, the buccaneers neither giving nor accepting quarter. Soon after the city was gained, fires broke out in different quarters, attributed by the Spaniards to the pirates, and by them to the inhabitants. The houses being mostly built of cedar, the flames caught like tinder, and the city was consumed in a very short time. The city at this time consisted of about twelve thousand houses, many of them large and magnificent. It also contained eight monasteries, and two churches, all richly furnished. The pirates, like demons, raged through the burning town, in search of plate and other valuables. After a sojourn of four weeks, Morgan resolved to leave; and after numerous adventures, they arrived again on the eastern coast of the isthmus and separated, none of them much richer for the misery and devastation they had carried to Panama.

Owing to the low, marshy, and unhealthy location of the city, it was rebuilt on its present site, three miles distant from the former location. In the year 1737 the new city was destroyed by fire, and twice since has it suffered from a like calamity. At the time of my visit it contained about six thousand inhabitants, and two-thirds of the town was in ruins. The once formidable looking castles, and the city walls, were tottering and crumbling to decay. Creeping vines and parasitic plants clung and grew over convent walls; and the shells inlaid in the ornamental plastering of the houses had lost their lustre. The only life and business were concentrated on one street, monopolized by the foreigners, whose principal occupation was vending whisky and tobacco, and keeping cheap eating houses and boarding establishments.

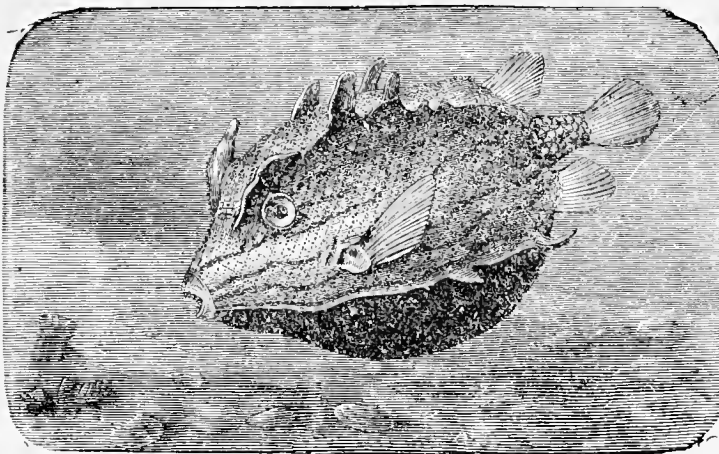
Our brig was forced to anchor about two miles from shore, owing to the shallowness of the water. The boat was hoisted out, and our captain and the passenger were taken on shore. Shortly after returning in the evening with the captain, we learned through the mate that the captain intended to take the brig over to the Island of Taboga, twelve miles distant, and discharge cargo.

(To be Continued.)

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear and read and learn whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over; that which, by thinking, he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?

THE BOX FISH.

WE have here a very good picture of one of the most beautiful and curious species of the finny tribe. We can see at a glance that it is not at all like any of the fish that inhabit our mountain streams and lakes, consequently its appearance and description will be strange and interesting to our young readers who are so fond of visiting the creeks and rivers to watch the fish, study their habits and indulge in the pleasant pastime of angling for them. This very pretty specimen is called the Box Fish. We have heard of a fish armed with a weapon in the shape of a spear, called the sword fish, but nature has provided the box fish with, not a spear, but an armor. To preserve it from the attacks of larger fishes, it has a solid, firm and bony coat of mail covering the whole of its body. The different parts of this envelope are so wonderfully joined together that it appears to be formed of a single bone, and to be a kind of box in which to enclose the fish. It is also sometimes called the Trunk Fish and the Coffer. It will readily be imagined why this fish has been so named. Its curious armor or covering has suggested the various names that have been applied to it, all of which seem very appropriate. Its covering is so hard that it is almost as safe in it from the attacks of its voracious companions, as if it were really encased in a box, a trunk or a coffer. It is never found in inland streams, as are the trout, mullet, salmon, etc., with which we are all so well acquainted, but is a native of the Red sea, the Indian Ocean, and that part of the Atlantic which bathes the shores of our own Southern States. Though the "box" of the box fish is so hard, its flesh is none the less palatable, in fact, it is more delicious than that of almost any other fish to be found in the American seas.



A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

THE marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from those of other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like; whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined

ages of the bride and bridegroom, and the exact time of birth will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the usual manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life; and, should she in her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

It is usual, during the marriage week, to engage a procession of coolies to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks and jewels, of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter, as she is being dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glittering sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal, to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is then carried to her chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridesmaids, who

are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amid the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes and the boom of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshiped, the parents have to

be worshiped, and the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cup, when two wine-cups are united by a red silk thread, and the contents drank by the young couple, in the presence of the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony.

When the ceremony is over, the bride takes off the outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude, remarks of the gentlemen present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of, her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast, which is kept up to a late hour.—*Select.*

It would not do for us to be always prospered, always blessed with success, for if we were we would soon fail to regard our prosperity as a blessing, or soon forget to acknowledge its proper source. It would not do for us always to have ease, and no anxiety; for if so, we would certainly not be able to appreciate ease. It is only after having tasted the bitter that we can appreciate the sweet; and only after having felt trouble and anxiety that we can really enjoy comfort and ease.

History of the Church.

EARLY LIFE IN THE VALLEY!

(Continued.)

AT a meeting of the Saints held in Pottawattomie at the last of October, 1848, Oliver Cowdery, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon to whom the angel showed the plates, and who received the priesthood at the same time that the prophet Joseph Smith did, was present and spoke. He had come from Wisconsin with his family. Oliver had fallen into transgression in Kirtland, had lost the Spirit and was cut off from the Church. He now came back, repentant, desirous of doing his first works over again and of regaining his membership in the Church. To the people at that meeting he bore testimony in the most positive terms to the truth of the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the priesthood to the earth, and the mission of Joseph Smith as the prophet of the last days. He told the people if they wanted to follow the right path, to keep the main channel of the stream; where the body of the church goes, there is the authority; and all these lo here's and lo there's have no authority; but this people have the true and holy priesthood; for the angel said unto Joseph Smith Jun., in his hearing, that "this priesthood shall remain on the earth unto the end." His testimony produced quite a sensation among the strangers present, and was gratefully received by all the Saints. At an interview with Elders O. Hyde and G. A. Smith he told them he had come to listen to their counsel and would do as they told him. He had been cut off from the Church and removed away from it for eleven years; and had now come back, not expecting to be a leader, but wished to be a member and have a part among them. He considered he ought to be baptized; and did not expect to return without entering in at the door. He further said that Joseph Smith had fulfilled his mission faithfully before God until death.

On the 19th of November, 1848, the temple, erected by the Saints at Nauvoo in accordance with the word of the Lord, was destroyed by fire. Elders George A. Smith and Erastus Snow visited Nauvoo about eight years after its destruction, and learned from Lewis A. Bidamon, landlord of the Nauvoo Mansion, that the inhabitants of Warsaw, Carthage, Pontusac and surrounding settlements, jealous of Nauvoo and fearing that it would still retain its superior importance as a town, and the "Mormons" therefore, might be induced to return, contributed a purse of five hundred dollars, which they gave to one Joseph Agnow for burning the temple, and that he was the wretch who set the building on fire. Bidamon added that the burning of the temple did have the effect to diminish the importance of Nauvoo; for his hotel did not have one-fourth the custom after the conflagration that it had had previously. Though this destruction of the Temple of God was a most atrocious act, still the Saints who had erected it, and received therein those holy ordinances which had been appointed and revealed, and had taken their journey into the wilderness, could not mourn over its destruction. When burned it was beyond the power of the wicked to defile and occupy it.

(To be Continued.)

To do an ill action is base; to do a good one, which involves you in no trouble, is nothing more than common; but it is the property of a truly good man to do great and good things, though he risk everything by it.

Anecdotes of Painters.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

(Concluded.)

From Chambers' Miscellany.

THREE months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Julius died. Leo X., who succeeded him, was by no means a warm friend to Michael-Angelo. But his fame was now too well established to suffer from this lack of favor. He was now growing old; but his energy and talents were unwearied. Besides the Sistine, another chapel was erected, called the Paoline; for this he painted two pictures—the "Conversion of St. Paul" and the "Crucifixion of St. Peter." At the age of seventy-two he was nominated architect of St. Peter's. This undertaking had been begun nearly a hundred years before; but little progress had been made, and every new architect had proposed a new design. Michael designed the dome, and had the satisfaction before his death of seeing it nearly completed. His plans for the other parts of the building were unhappily departed from in many things after his death. While laboring at this work, the artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavored to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

"Three more windows will be placed there," said Michael-Angelo.

"You never told us of that before," replied a cardinal.

"Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do!" cried the high-spirited painter. "It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves; to build St. Peter's is mine."

This independent speech won the favor of the then pope, Julius III. From this time he placed unlimited confidence and regard in the artist, often saying that should Michael-Angelo die before himself, his body should be embalmed, and kept in the palace, that his mortal form might endure as long as his works. But Julius died in 1555; and Paul IV. insulted the painter by wishing to *reform* the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine. Michael sent this message in answer: "If His Holiness will undertake to reform mankind, I will engage that my picture shall reform itself."

This pope plunged Rome in war and bloodshed. Michael-Angelo, then eighty-two years of age, took refuge in a monastery until these perilous times were over. It was with regret that he left this quiet abode to enter again on the turmoil of the world. He lived until the age of eighty-nine, and then died peaceably and calmly, uttering his last will in these words: "My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, my worldly goods to my next of kin."

Michael-Angelo's countenance was like his mind—full of noble grandeur. Straight Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do—not beautiful but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael-Angelo was in every way a noble and good man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. He lived in

study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge throughout his long life. In his old age he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

This great artist's soul was full of high principle; he scorned everything mean and dishonorable. His disposition was generous, and many a kindness did he show to inferior artists and others who needed it. Sometimes his gifts were munificent. To his old servant Urbino he gave two thousand crowns; a donation in those days considered worthy of a monarch. This man died when Michael was eighty-two, and his aged master remained with him day and night in his last illness, and afterwards wrote this of him: "Urbino's death has been a heavy loss to me, yet also an impressive lesson of the grace of God; for it has shown me that he who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die, not with reluctance, but even with a desire for death."

His poems were numerous, and all breathe the spirit of purest Christianity. The sternness of his character won little affection from his contemporaries, yet none ever breathed a word against him. The fame of Michael-Angelo's works will live forever, and with that his memory as a truly great and virtuous man.

Our Museum.

MEDALS-ROME.

BY BETH.

THE first thing to be careful about in collecting coins and medals is to know their history. This is necessary, that we may guard against imposture; for, although men do not want to deceive their fellows by imitating a coin, for the sake of giving a false coloring to facts, they may do so for the sake of money. Coins and medals frequently sell for much more than they are intrinsically worth. They are scarce, perhaps curious as well, sometimes, as with our Desert coins, they are important to throw light upon obscure points in history.

Now, here is a medal so exceedingly curious, so wonderfully corroborative of facts connected with early Rome, so rare withal, and consequently valuable, that its history should be known. How was it obtained? From Brother N. H. Felt, of this city. How did he obtain it? It was given to him, with many others, by the person who found them. Where were they found? Near Canterbury, a place of great antiquity, to which the Romans formerly resorted, where the learned of every age have congregated, where curiosities of the kind would be likely to be found. Under such circumstances the medal is likely to be genuine, as there are no motives for deception.

It is a copper coin, weighing a little more than half a penny-weight. On the "obverse" is a wolf; underneath it are represented two children sucking its teats. We have read in ancient Roman history about Romulus and Remus, of whom we are instantly reminded by the figures. Can it be a coin of so early a date? Let us see what information the "reverse" conveys. Here is the head of a warrior. In the exergue is ANCVS ROMA. Now, as history informs us that a king of Rome, named Ancus Marcius, lived about 640 years before Christ, there is no doubt that this was struck during his reign, that at

that time the tradition of which we read, concerning Romulus and Remus sucking a she wolf, was current among the people; that money was used at that period by the Romans; that the soldiers of that nation wore helmets; that the Roman letters were then used; that they had a knowledge of the use of metals; that they had artificers to make dies to strike coins. The state of art may be judged of too by this coin, and we get a glimpse into the condition of society—they were warriors, and proud of their vocation and origin.

Here are two other coins of the same epoch that will help us to correct our opinions of those early times. One is bronze, an alloy of copper and platinum. On the obverse is a winged head of Mercury, one of the heathen deities we read of. As a work of art it is a gem. The profile is beautiful. Around the head is a diadem, the "tiara," and a ribbon, the symbol of regal dignity. We might almost begin to suspect that this is the work of the ancient Greeks, which, in fact, it may be, but the coin is Roman. For on the reverse is a galley, the prow of a boat, a common symbol on coins of the early Roman kings; and in the exergue ROMA. The other coin is the same size and nearly the same weight (about three and a half penny-weights.) This is only copper, and the finish is inferior to the other. On the obverse is a Roman warrior's head, helmeted, with a small disc behind the head. This is to represent the denomination, one, of a certain value. On the reverse is a rude representation of the prow of a boat, with ROMA and other characters not decipherable. Of the value of these and other Roman coins of early days, the young readers will be informed when the later Roman medals are described.

BE WILLING.

MANY persons think they are quite excusable for spending their time in idleness when they happen to be "out of a job," and can spend hours at a time hanging around street corners, apparently as contented as possible. "waiting for something to turn up." We will give you an instance of one who was not of that class:

John Gregg called at Mr. Will's store and asked,—

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

"Can't say that I do," replied Mr. Wills; and, as he seemed busy and not inclined to talk, John walked away.

A few days after, he came again and said: "I don't like to be idle; and if you are willing to try me, sir, I will work without pay till I get a situation."

Mr. Wills agreed. What was his surprise, on going into his store next morning, to find his ill-assorted goods all arranged, shelves cleaned, windows washed, and many things done which in the busy season had been neglected. John had risen early, and done all this.

"Why!" said Mr. Wills, "I hardly know the place!"

He soon found he could not afford to part with John. So great were his habits of system and order, he could accomplish a vast amount of work; doing at odd moments what would otherwise have been left undone; never neglecting a greater duty for one less important; never behind time; never requiring to be looked after.

Mr. Wills paid him for his work, and told him not to leave till he could get something better. The consequence was, John soon became master of a flourishing wholesale store, and, finally, mayor of a large city. He was a poor boy; but his habits of order and system raised him to his high position, and his good character made him respected by the whole community.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



It is told of Dr. Johnson, that, having occasion to reprove a man for carrying on a disreputable business, the fellow excused himself with the plea, "You know, Doctor, I must live." To which that gruff old hater of everything mean and contemptible replied that he did not see least necessity for it.

This little story conveys a forcible moral to all young men about to start in life, and who have the choice of a business before them. And the moral is to choose a business that will make the world better, not worse. Every man who produces something that the world needs, is a public benefactor. Every man who does something the world requires to have done, adds to the prosperity of the whole and increases the world's blessings. But any man whose business makes the world worse than it was before he commenced that business, whose business increases the temptation to do evil, or that aids in the spread of vice, cannot be esteemed a true man, however wealthy he may become, or however much good he may do with that wealth when he has acquired it.

All work that the world needs doing is honorable, and all men who do it, and do it well, are honorable also. The world needs houses, ships, railroads, clothes, etc., and the farmer who raises the food, the weaver who makes the cloth, the tailor who sews the clothes, the architect, the engineer, the mason, the carpenter and all others, who build the railroads, ships and houses are all engaged in honorable and honest toil, and none but the ignorant and foolish think otherwise. Nor is it less honorable to be a surgeon, an editor or a book-keeper; the world needs these also, but these professions are no more to be esteemed as honorable than the others, nor any less so. Some thoughtlessly imagine that it is better, some say more respectable, to be a doctor than a mechanic, to be a merchant than a farmer, perhaps because they fancy the labor is less and the profits greater. But is he any more to be respected who eats the bread than he who raises it, or any less so, if he earns that bread by the honest toil of his head or hands? Is it any less honorable to build a house than to live in it? To make a coat than to wear it? If so, wherein?

No trade that men are called to engage in for the happiness of the world is disreputable. It is the way in which the man supplies the world's needs that makes him what he is, honorable or dishonorable. He who does what he has to do, and does it aright, is the peer of every other son of Adam, be he prince or peasant. Honor and honesty are confined to no class or caste. He who decries any necessary labor because he is engaged in some other branch of this world's industry, or belongs to some other station in life, is short-sighted and slow of understanding. The rich and poor are both needed, as the world at present exists, but the rich should not oppress the poor, nor the poor wrong the rich. The day will come in the history of God's kingdom, when there will be no poor in the

midst of the Saints, as the time will also come when there will be none sinful nor corrupt therein.

Then, young men in Zion, in choosing a trade or business, let your first thought be to choose a business that will make the world better, not worse. This is the great consideration. Perhaps you will not choose the business that will make you rich the quickest, but that is of little import; you have chosen wisely and as you ought to choose. Again, it is well to choose a business for which you have an aptitude or a liking. You will then, in all probability, succeed much more easily and do your duty better than though you took up with one for which you had no inclination or ability. Some think that much of the misery of the world arises from men being engaged in uncongenial employments. It is certain that he is happier who is employed at a trade he likes, than he whose labor is distasteful to him. The first has a labor of love, the other a labor for life and sustenance.

And lastly, when you have made your choice, be determined to do what you have to do with your might, with all the skill and ability God has given you. Be not discouraged; remember that practice makes perfect. Start out with the determination to be a good workman, and live up to that determination; for therein, so far as you are concerned, the honor lies; and therein, under the blessing of Heaven, also lie your chances for advancement and prosperity.

THE necessity for the publication of a short and very simple series of questions and answers for the use of the smaller children who attend our Sabbath Schools, who spend their time poring over the Primer and the First and Second Readers, has frequently been discussed at the meetings of the Sabbath School Union, by various superintendents and teachers, whose experience has proved to them the need of such a work. At one of the late meetings of this body, Elders George Goddard and H. P. Richards and Sister L. Greene Richards were chosen as a committee to superintend the compilation of a catechism intended to fill this want. In our present number we give place to a communication from this committee, with the first chapter of the intended catechism, and draw attention to the desires expressed and requests made by the committee of all who feel like assisting in so good and useful a work.

IT is with pleasure that we state that the subscriptions received for the current volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR already exceed the entire subscription of 1873, and we have still several cities and settlements to hear from. This is highly encouraging to us, and we heartily thank the Bishops, School Superintendents and other brethren and the sisters who have taken so lively an interest in the welfare of our little paper. We trust, however, that our friends will not "weary in well-doing," as our subscription list must yet be considerably increased before it will meet the cost of the publication of the INSTRUCTOR in its present enlarged and improved form.

MAKING RESOLUTIONS.—Never form a resolution that is not a good one; and, when once formed, never break it. If you form a resolution, and then break it, you set yourself a bad example, and you are very likely to follow it. A person may get the habit of breaking his resolutions; this is as bad to the character and mind, as an incurable disease to the body. No person can become great, but by keeping his resolutions; no person ever escaped contempt, who could not keep them. Try to remember this!

MINING UNDER THE SEA.

THE miner's life can hardly be a cheerful one, exposed as he is to the many explosions from fire-damp, of crumbling walls, of falls down fearful shafts, and the general unhealthfulness of working where the purifying sunbeams are excluded. But mining under the sea must have peculiar trials and terrors.

There is a vast copper mine in England where shafts extend many hundred yards under the bottom of the sea. The moaning of the waves

as they dash against the rock is forever sounding in those gloomy aisles. When the storms come, the sound of the waters becomes so terrific that even the boldest miners cannot stay below, but leave their work and come out on the firm upper earth. Overhead are masses of bright, pure copper, streaming all through the gallery in every direction, traversed by a network of thin red veins of iron, and over all the water is continually dropping, dropping down from the tiny crevices in the rock. Immense wealth of metal is contained in these roofs, but no miner dare give it another stroke with his pick ax. Already there has been one day's work too much done upon it, as a huge wedge

of wood, driven into the rocks, bears witness. The wedge is all that keeps the sea from bursting in upon them. The roof is not over three feet in thickness, and in many places may be less. Yet there are three tiers of galleries, where men work day by day, not knowing but at some fatal hour the flood may be upon them, rendering all escape as hopeless as it was in the days of Noah.—

Selected

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A SINGLE word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so the kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter

how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetness, with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn yearningly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle, and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and

perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.



THE ORCHARD WELL. — SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE ORCHARD WELL.

See Illustration, Page 55

Two little sisters, pale and weak,
From London's city went,
To sojourn with a loving aunt
Amid the hills of Kent.

Their gentle ways and pleasant words
Won love from all around;
For them in every rural toil
Some new delight was found.

With Ann they went to look for eggs,
With Robert to the fold;
Or fed the chickens in the yard
With corn like shining gold.

A draw-well in the orchard stood,
Wide, dark, and very deep,
Down which, in trusty Robert's care,
The children loved to peep.

Such water, sparkling, cold, and pure,
They never drank before.
Each day they quaffed its crystal flood,
And liked it all the more.

They loved to see it in the troughs
Rise dancing to the brim;
And young lambs drink, and little birds
Perched gaily on the rim.

And when the well was closed and locked,
And Robert went elsewhere,
They played beneath the orchard trees,
And loved to linger there.

There, too in summer afternoons,
Their aunt would sit and sew,
And tell them many pleasant things
That children like to know.

They learned to know the blackbird's note,
And when the swallows came;
And of each pretty hedgerow flower,
The place of growth and name.

She told them how the chill, white mists
That o'er the valley spread,
Rose up to form the fleecy clouds
Which floated overhead.

How from the clouds the rain is poured
In cool, refreshing showers,
And from the heaven soft dews descend
To cheer the thirsty flowers.

How the bright drops sank through the earth,
And gathered underground
In hidden springs, for reaching which
Deep wells were needful found.

And how the Savior, when on earth,
By Jacob's well sat down,
And asked for drink of one who came
For water from the town.

Poor woman, full of sin and shame,
She heard His words of love;
And Jesus gave her soul to drink
Of mercy from above.

So summer passed, and autumn brought
Ripe apples, rosy red;
And nuts and berries in the woods,
A tempting feast, were spread.

Bright rosy cheeks and beaming eyes
Looked brightly from the door,
When dear papa from town arrived
To take them home once more.

But first they showed him round the farm—
Barn, dairy, yard and fold;
And kindly said a last good-by
To servants, young and old

The next day in the rushing train,
O'er hill and dale they flew,
Delighted at the thought of home,
Yet almost sorry too.

And often in their London home
The twilight hour was spent
In talking of their pleasant stay
Amid the hills of Kent:

Of birds, of flowers, of new mown hay;
But most they loved to tell
Of how they played and what they learned
Beside the orchard well!

AUNT JANE.

A LITTLE HERO.

A SOLDIER's widow once lived in a little hut, near a mountain village of the Alps. Her only child was a poor cripple. He was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burdens of poverty; but his feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen years he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte had decreed that the Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purposes. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women and children, of the mountain land, were filled with zeal in defence of their homes.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated by signal fires from village to village, from one mountain height to another; and combustible materials were laid ready to give an instant alarm.

The village in which Hans, the crippled boy, and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take; and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; else they would make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, ah ready to strive for home and fatherland; I am useless. Why was I made, Mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "you will live to find the truth of our old proverb—'God has his plan for every man.'"

Easter holidays, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in merrymaking—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

Toward the close of Easter-day, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the request that the Father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity

of being useful to his mother and to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he arose, hastily dressed himself and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climbed to the signal-pile. Hans walked round the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busy with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree; and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans paused by the ancient tree; and, as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention, now quickened by the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself, and by the perception that much might depend on him. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush; only a single youth running down the mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be aroused. It was already aroused from mountain top to mountain top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty retreat followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard: "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy, the French were there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried; "he has been shot. It is true; Hans the cripple has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true, 'God has his plan for every man.' You see He had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

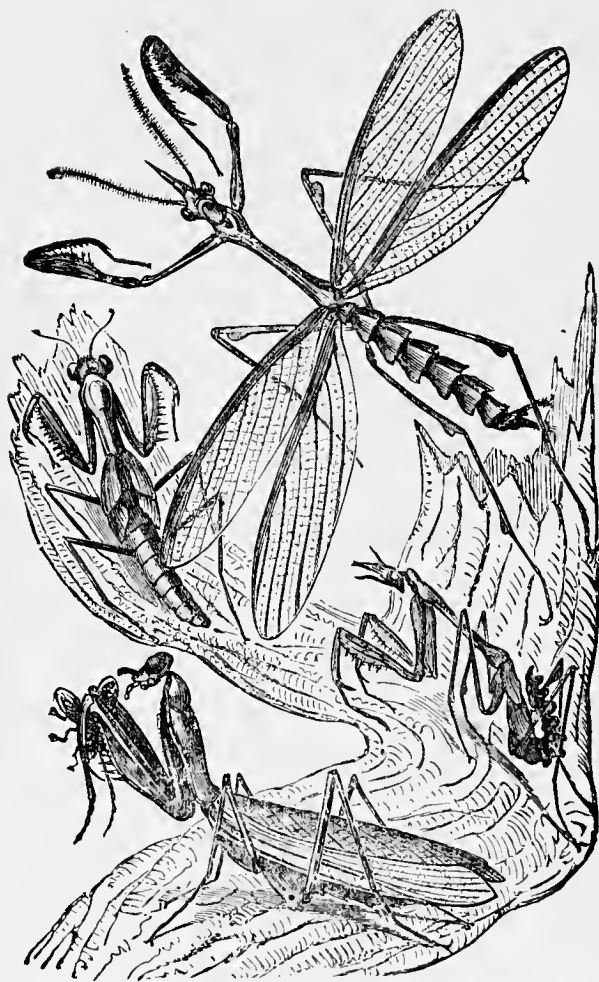
Hans did not recover from his wound; but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and his country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother—to hear that she would be revered and honored in the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies, like those which met Hans, cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all may experience its truth. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it.— *Selected.*

HE who chases a shadow will never catch it, and will only weary himself; so with he who pursues a slander.

THE PRAYING MANTIS AND LARVA.

THE mantis is a pretty insect, with a long slim body, large wings, and very bright colors. It lives on live insects—seizing its prey as it passes by. It rests generally on shrubs, remaining for hours together perfectly still, the better to deceive other insects which are to become its victims. The manner in which it holds its long front legs, raised like arms to heaven, has caused various ignorant people to have superstitious notions about this insect, and explains the singular name given to it of praying mantis. In the eyes of the French peasants, the mantis is almost sacred, and the different kinds found in France are known by such names as nun, saint, preacher, suppliant, mendicant, etc.



Caillaud, the traveler, tells us that in Central Africa this insect is an object of worship. According to Sparrmann it is also worshiped by the Hottentots in southern Africa.

THE TELESCOPE.—A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and thumb, and varying the distance, noticed that the weathercock of the church spire opposite seemed to be much larger than usual, and apparently much nearer. This excited the wonder of the father, and led him to make additional experiments, and thence resulted that astonishing instrument, the telescope, as invented by Galileo, and perfected by Herschell. This is only one instance, among thousands, that show how great effects may result from small causes.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON LVI.

Q.—What happened to the bread that was kept till the next morning?

A.—It bred worms, and stank.

Q.—How did Moses feel toward those who kept the bread over the time?

A.—He was wroth with them.

Q.—How much bread did they gather on the sixth day?

A.—Twice as much.

Q.—Why did they do so?

A.—Because the following day was the Sabbath.

Q.—Did the bread stink and have worms by being kept over till the Sabbath day?

A.—No.

Q.—Did any go out on the Sabbath day to gather manna?

A.—Yes, some of the people.

Q.—What was the result?

A.—They found none.

Q.—What did the people do on the seventh day?

A.—They rested.

Q.—How many years did the children of Israel eat manna?

A.—Forty years.

Q.—Where did the children of Israel next pitch their tents?

A.—In Rephidim.

Q.—What was there lacking in that place?

A.—There was no water for the people to drink.

Q.—What did the people do?

A.—They murmured against Moses.

Q.—What did Moses do?

A.—He cried unto the Lord.

LESSON LVII.

Q.—What did the Lord say unto Moses?

A.—He told him to go before the people and take the rod with which he smote the river.

Q.—What was Moses to do with the rod?

A.—To smite the rock in Horeb.

Q.—What did the Lord promise if Moses did this?

A.—That he would stand before Moses at that place, and water should come forth that the people might drink.

Q.—In the sight of whom did Moses do as the Lord had commanded him?

A.—The elders of Israel.

Q.—Who came to fight with Israel?

A.—Amalek.

Q.—Whom did Moses call upon to choose men to fight with Amalek?

A.—Joshua.

Q.—What did Moses say he would do while they were fighting?

A.—He would go on the top of the hill with the rod of God in his hand.

Q.—Who went up to the top of the hill with Moses?

A.—Aaron and Hur.

Q.—What occurred when he held up his hand?

A.—Israel prevailed.

Q.—What occurred when he let down his hand?

A.—Amalek prevailed.

Q.—What did Aaron and Hur do, when they found this was the case?

A.—They took a stone and put it under Moses and he sat thereon.

Q.—What else did they do?

A.—They held up his hands, one on each side of him.

Q.—For how long a time?

A.—Until the going down of the sun.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LVI.

Q.—What came to pass when all the Nephites had crossed the river Sidon?

A.—The Lamanites and Amlicites fled before them.

Q.—Where did they flee?

A.—Towards a wilderness which was to the north and west?

Q.—Did the Nephites pursue them?

A.—Yes; and slew many.

Q.—What was this wilderness called?

A.—Hermounts.

Q.—By what was part of this wilderness infested?

A.—By wild and ravenous beasts.

Q.—What became of many of these Lamanites and Amlicites?

A.—They died of their wounds and were devoured by the vultures and beasts.

Q.—How many Nephites were slain?

A.—There were so many that they were not numbered.

Q.—What did the Nephites do with the bodies of their brethren who were slain?

A.—They buried them.

Q.—What did they do next?

A.—They returned to their homes.

Q.—Had any of their families been slain?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How were the Amlicites distinguished from the Nephites?

A.—They did not have their heads shorn.

Q.—Did they mark their foreheads with red like the Lamanites did?

A.—Yes.

LESSON LVII.

Q.—Why were the skins of the Lamanites dark?

A.—It was a curse brought upon their fathers?

Q.—Why was this?

A.—Because of their transgression and rebellion against their brethren.

Q.—Who were their brethren?

A.—Nephi, Jacob, Joseph and Sam.

Q.—Who were the fathers of the Lamanites?

A.—Laman, Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael.

Q.—How did the Amlicites fulfill the words of the Lord in thus marking themselves?

A.—The Lord said to Nephi, "I will put a mark upon him that fighteth against thee and thy seed."

Q.—A few days after the battle in the land of Zarahemla what occurred?

A.—Another army of Lamanites came in and attacked the Nephites.

Q.—Where was this?

A.—At the same place where the first army met the Amlicites.

Q.—What did the Nephites do?

A.—They sent an army to drive them out of the land.

Q.—Did Alma go with this army?

A.—No.

Q.—Why not?

A.—He was afflicted with a wound.

Q.—What did this army of Nephites do?

A.—They slew many of the Lamanites and drove the rest out the land.

Q.—What did they then do?

A.—They returned and peace was established in the land.

Q.—In what year did these wars occur?

A.—In the fifth year of the reign of the judges.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

Editor Juvenile Instructor.

Under this head we design publishing a book of questions and answers, suited to the use of the youngest attendants of Sabbath Schools throughout this Territory. But as some time will necessarily be taken up in procuring and arranging a sufficient amount of suitable matter for the work, lessons calculated to fill its pages will, for the present, be given to the little folks through their own INSTRUCTOR. It is, we believe, the general desire to have the books which are commonly used in the day-schools discarded from the Sabbath Schools, and more appropriate lessons introduced instead. The Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Jacques' Catechism and other standard church works, furnish lessons applicable to all grades of the more advanced pupils. While for the alphabet and primer classes, and those of the first and second readers, there has been much lack of simple lessons appropriate for the Sabbath School. It will readily be seen that for this work, the words, sentences, and lessons must be very short and simple, in order that the child of four or five years may easily comprehend their meaning, and not become discouraged in trying to commit them to memory. And that the book may possess the charms and influence necessary to attract and favorably impress the infant mind, it is designed to introduce suitable lessons on a great variety of subjects. All Latter-day Saints, taking active interest in Sabbath Schools, are respectfully invited to contribute to the pages of this little work. And we, having been, by proper authority, appointed a committee to superintend the preparation of the same, will endeavor to faithfully perform our part by carefully selecting and arranging that which, in our judgment, will be best suited to the work. All communications on the subject may be handed or addressed to

GEO. GODDARD,
H. P. RICHARDS, or
L. GREENE RICHARDS, Salt Lake City.

LESSON FIRST.

Question.—What has God made to give us light by day?

Answer.—The sun.

Q.—What has He made to give light by night?

A.—The moon and stars.

Q.—Who is God?

A.—Our Heavenly Father.

Q.—What is the name of the Son of God—our elder brother?

A.—Jesus Christ.

Q.—What was the name of Jesus' mother?

A.—Mary.

Q.—What kind of a house was Jesus born in?

A.—A stable.

HOW MANY WORDS WE USE.—The latest editions of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries contain between one and two hundred thousand words; but, fortunately, nine-tenths of these are seldom used. It is remarkable how small a selection satisfies the wants of the best writers and speakers. A contemporary says:—"An educated Englishman, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads the Bible, his Shakespeare, and his newspaper, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers, who avoid general expressions, and wait for the word that exactly fits the meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to the command of 10,000 words. Shakespeare produced all his plays with 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and the Old Testament says all it has to say with 5,642 words."

POETICAL PUZZLE.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

"My beautiful first, I love thee well—
Better than words are able to tell;
Better than pen of mine can write;
Ne'er art thou absent from my sight.
By morn or noon, by night or day,
I think of thee, near or far away."
Thus a lover of noble mien
Sang his love for his heart's queer.

"My charming second, I love thee well—
Better than words of mine can tell;
Better than jewels or than gold;
And I love thee best when thou art old."
This an epieure, jolly and stout,
Trolled aloud as he rambled about.

"My prosperous whole, I love thee well—
Better than pen of mine can tell.
Within thy bounds I first saw light;
Within thee I learned to read and write;
And in thee I loved and was beloved;
And from thee I never yet have roved."
Thus an Englishman, brave and strong,
Carolled as he strolled along.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 2 is NEVERTHELESS. We have received correct answers from G. B. Lang, A. H. Cannon, Emma S. Brower and Margaret E. Letham, Salt Lake City, and Thos. Y. Stanford, Ogden.

FOR THE BOYS.—Henry Ward Beecher has written this: I never saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there is no telling but that some time I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie; my horse began to limp. Luckily, I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start the fire and make the shoe. She said I might if I knew how. So I started the fire and heated the shoe red-hot and turned it to fit my horse's foot, and parted the hoof, and turned the point of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that in driving into the hoof they should not go into the quick, and shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went straight to a smith, and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now, I never should have known how to do this if I had not looked on and seen others do it.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.—Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and, that, too, when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It is said of him, by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend, and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from any other man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from dislike, even at the time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The world's history is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. To men it is what beauty is to women—a letter of introduction written in language that every one understands.

'TIS SWEET TO MINGLE VOICES.

WORDS BY A. DALRYMPLE.
Moderato:

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

FULL CHORUS.

'Tis sweet to mingle voices where God's spirit prompts the strain; When
each glad heart can say a - men Our wor - ship's not in vain.
Our worship's not in vain, Our worship's not in vain. When each glad heart can
say a - men Our worship's not in vain.

Then let us now, with one accord,
Unite in sacred song,
To call by faith upon the Lord,
That he our joys prolong.

Yea, may His Spirit deign to meet
And prompt each action here,
That we may all each other greet
And His great name rever.

Correspondence.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH CO.,
February 14, 1874

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*,

DEAR SIR:—Yesterday a social party was given exclusively to the Sunday School scholars of our city:

Having no hall large enough to accommodate the whole at one time, the guests were content to engage in entertainment by intervals. At 12 o'clock, m., all the scholars under thirteen years of age, numbering 118 couples, joined in a dance, which continued till 5-30, p. m. Among the spectators were Presidents Wilkins and Robertson, one of whom remarked that it was the most interesting sight he had witnessed. The earnestness, simplicity and innocence with which the joyful juveniles hopped like so many happy birds, and promenade to the lively music afforded me more gratification than an ordinary play in a theatre. At the close of the afternoon's exercises, an appreciative youth proposed a vote of thanks to the committee of arrangements, floor-manager, musicians, callers, waiters and door-keepers, which was responded to by an unanimous aye.

From 7 p. m. till 2 o'clock this morning the house was occupied by scholars who had arrived at the age of thirteen or upwards;

numbering one hundred and twenty couples. Their entertainment consisted of dancing, recitations, songs and instrumental music, which went off in a style and order creditable to the committee of arrangements, to the musicians and all who took active parts therein; and to the entire satisfaction of every individual present.

Yours Very Respectfully,
THOS. C. MARTELL.

In the long run, a tried and proved character for truth, honor, and honesty is the best capital and gives the largest interest.

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